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# GILBERT HAVEN:

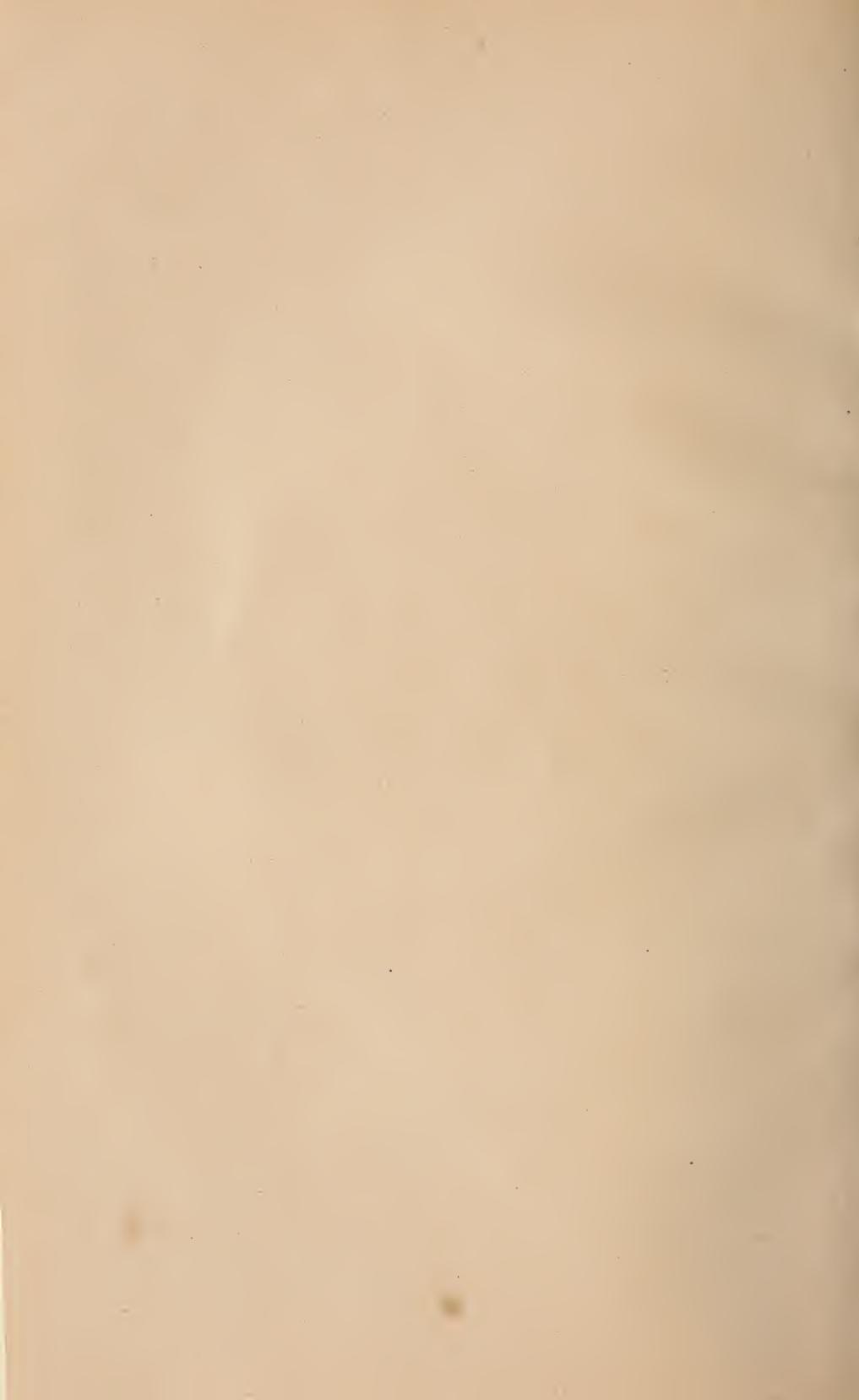
## A MONOGRAPH.

BY

REV. E. WENTWORTH, D.D.

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*G Haven*

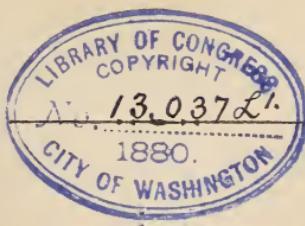
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## A MONOGRAPH.

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REV. E. WENTWORTH, D.D.

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# GILBERT HAVEN:

## A MONOGRAPH.

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ON the sixth of January last "devout men" carried GILBERT HAVEN to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. The first paroxysmal outburst of anguish has passed away, but the heart of the Church still writhes under the agonizing pressure of an irreparable bereavement.

Human hearts would burst with the ever-increasing volume and vehemence of sorrow-forces were they not divinely provided with safety-valves.

Our late sorrow found its first vent in tears. Christianity does not repress weeping nor crush back tears. Its chastened mournings are not the hired wailings of Oriental funerals, nor the frantic howlings of the Irish wake. They are equally far removed from tearless and prayerless cremation, and the cold indifference of Stoicism. Christian grief finds vent heavenward in cheerful submission to the divine will, and in sweet union with the great divine Sympathizer, who knows what it is to weep over the grave of friendship, and who hath ever "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Relief comes also with the sincere and not perfunctory proffers of condolence to those who, by

reason of near relationship, are more sorely stricken than ourselves.

In hours of bereavement another of sorrow's escape-valves is immediately and forcefully lifted. It is that one which allows the outgush of irrepressible eulogy; that recital of the merits of the loved and lost which grows out of the universal and instinctive desire to perpetuate, in language, the features of the soul that is escaping from us, as we seek to preserve the form and lineaments of the decomposing body, by embalming, and in photograph, drawing, marble, and bronze.

In the sixth year of the current century died Richard Whatcoat, the first of the line of Methodist superintendents to pay the debt of nature. "The connection," we are told, "paid particular respect to his memory." Annual Conferences and congregations requested the surviving superintendent to discourse upon the life and character of his deceased colleague. It is touchingly recorded that "on these occasions," while the venerable Asbury portrayed "the man, the Christian, and the minister," "there was as much solemnity and sorrow as if the dead prelate had then and there been personally interred among them." A hundred and forty-five thousand Methodists, in 1806, mourned the first chief minister to die, as a personal friend. In 1880, seventeen hundred thousand, in the same Church fellowship, bewail the last chief pastor to ascend the skies, as though he were an intimate companion and bosom friend.

Personal biography is always instructive, and that of Bishop Haven will soon be before the reading public

*in extenso.* Meanwhile, we may honor his memory and profit ourselves by dwelling upon a few of the more salient features of his life and work, avoiding as much as possible the repetition of facts, incidents, and character-sketches that have already appeared in the Church papers.

The life of Haven, like every other life, has its imitable and its unimitable sides. We may copy the imitable without charge of plagiarism; we may assimilate that which is assimilable; we may profit by that which is merely suggestive; we may be stimulated by that which is above and beyond us. Any man is made grander by association with a grand man, or by the contemplation of a grand and noble life—as a man is elevated in thought and feeling in the presence of a grand mountain, a grand cataract, or a grand view of ocean or prairie. No man could be a Gilbert Haven without Gilbert Haven's body, mind, acquisitions, opportunities, and sphere. But every man may be profited by the recital of the successes and failures of one who has already passed over the life-course and finished his career.

Born in 1821, Gilbert Haven spent his boyhood years in Malden, a village five miles from Boston, on one of the railroads leading from Boston to Lynn. His birth-year lay the other side of all those great physical discoveries and inventions and those moral movements that have made our century a wonder among the centuries.

Boston, of which Malden is a pleasant suburb, was not an incorporated city till 1822, though it was then

as large as Troy, with a population of forty-five thousand.

The American Temperance Society was instituted in Boston in 1826. William Lloyd Garrison established "The Liberator," with the motto, "Instant and unconditional emancipation," in the same city in 1832. In 1833 the twelve-year-old Malden boy saw Andrew Jackson, in Faneuil Hall, and was more anxious to have Major Jack Downing (the Petroleum V. Nasby of that period) pointed out to him than to see the great squelcher of Calhoun nullification.

About the same time, while Theodore Parker, then a young teacher, yielded to the current popular prejudice of the time, and excluded a girl from his school because she was black, our brave little red-head, with ruddy cheeks and sparkling, honest, brown eyes, takes his school-mistress to task for brutally maltreating a colored girl, according to the cruel fashion of the times, and saying, "You would not treat her so, only because she is poor and black."

Another incident is related of his boy life, which shows that he was not always so considerate of the feelings of his colored fellow-creatures. He indulged in the jest common to the boys of the period, at the expense of a respectable old black woman: "Boys, I think there's going to be a shower—I see a thunder-cloud rising." The old lady stopped and said, "Gilbert, I never expected to hear any thing like that from you." "And you never shall again, auntie," was the manly reply, and he kept his word. In a Boston store, subsequently, one of the clerks jeeringly said,

“Who was that nigger to whom you gave so much attention to-day?” “She was my sister,” he said, so earnestly as to silence jokes and criticism.

At the age of fourteen it is said he went into a village store in Malden. From that to eighteen his life was like that of other boys, in that most uncomfortable of all states, the transition period from boyhood to young manhood. We know of no incidents connected with it. One lady who knew him well said to Hon. J. P. Magee: “There was not much about him as a boy to indicate the future before him, and the character which he finally developed. He was a wide-awake, mischievous fellow, but not wickedly nor maliciously so, but full of fun, and, in school, a good scholar.”

He is next encountered as a young man in the Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, in the spring, summer, and fall of 1839, under the tuition of the elegant and scholarly Bostonian, David Patten. Here, like Cromwell and Charles Wesley, he was for a brief season “fast,” associating with “fast” young men, “making companions,” says Dr. Rice, a school-mate, “of the best of the bad boys.” Here he studied English and French, was fond of speaking, and “a graceful declaimer,” though he took no special interest in the academy debating club. Here, in a seminary revival, on October 19, 1839, when he was eighteen years and one month old to a day, he embraced religion, and entered upon new associations and new duties. Here, also, under the lead of William Rice, he took his first lessons in organized antislavery effort.

In March, 1840, he entered the store of Nichols, Tremont-street, Boston, and in March, 1841, the establishment of Tenney & Co., in the same city.

Haven was a popular clerk. He drew customers to him by cheerful ways, an open countenance, and honest and witty words. All the boys in the store knew him for the characteristic trait, inherited from his mother, it is said, of "knowing every thing." He cared little for money, was liberal to a fault, and the center of fellowship and good cheer. This promising situation and these flattering business prospects he gave up to become a Methodist itinerant. He is next found at Wilbraham, "rushing his preparation for college." He entered Freshman at the Wesleyan University in the fall of 1842, under the presidency of that mighty son of Vermont, Stephen Olin.

His cousin, Chancellor E. O. Haven, says: "He entered college in 1842, as I graduated. He was then a remarkably sprightly youth, a reader of newspapers and light literature, already conversant with politics and books, and a ready writer."

Dr. A. S. Graves, a classmate, writes: "Being one of the oldest members of his class, he at once took rank among the first students of the university, a position which he maintained through the entire course, standing second or third in a class of thirty-five. The languages, especially English literature and cognate studies, were his specialties. In some branches of natural science he did not excel. He ranked high as a writer, while not peculiarly excelling as a speaker. He was a pronounced abolition-

ist, and his views were freely and strongly uttered during the famous General Conference controversy that split the Church in 1844. In college he gave more than indication of possessing those traits for which he was so distinguished in after years. He was ever genial, and cultivated, even with rivals, the warmest personal friendship.

Doctor and Professor Fales H. Newhall, another of his college classmates, writes: "Haven was very strong in the intuitional faculties, always relying more upon intuition than upon reasoning. He had a broad, strong physical basis that made his passions strong, but conscience ever held his passions in stern control. His reading was very broad, though he had less interest in physical science than in classical literature. In college his favorite study was mathematics, though he developed there his life-long taste for general literature. Philosophical abstractions and metaphysical niceties had but little interest for him. Brilliant as a writer, his conversational powers were far more brilliant because of his personal magnetism, which was immense."

Dixon Alexander, M.D., of Fayette, Iowa, another classmate, says: "Gilbert Haven was a good student, and, I think, was second in the race for the valedictory. He was a bright student, not a plodding one; always genial and social, ready for any fun or play. He was always one of the leading members of the class, but never dogmatic in matter or manner. He was a good speaker, but no better as a debater than several others. He was then an abolitionist. He has

been compared, in some accounts, to Sydney Smith. I see no resemblance, except that both were ministers. The biting wit of Smith was not the sunny humor of Haven."

Dr. J. E. King, a college mate of his in 1844, recalls "his striking figure, medium size, broad shoulders, well-knit frame, massive head with a wealth of fiery red hair, a keen, flashing eye, a rosy, joyous face, swift of speech, addicted to debate, ranking among the first in his class, a great reader, apt in the use of sarcasm, loving to prick the bubble of sophistry or vanity, with prodigious mental activity, equal to making the most of all his opportunities, hating shams, hypocrisy, and oppression, while fear was unknown to him."

Gilbert Haven, the college graduate and seminary teacher, at the mature age of twenty-five, next attracts attention. The Church in those days exacted of almost every Methodist college graduate a passing tribute as teacher, because of the fewness of the number of those qualified to man her literary institutions. E. O. Haven, principal at Amenia, naturally called Gilbert Haven to his side, and made him teacher of Greek, with occasional lessons in German and other branches. It does not surprise us to learn from the chancellor that his cousin was "not given to the niceties of grammatical criticism," but that he "created much enthusiasm in his classes on the style and sentiment of the ancient authors."

These were years of study and review, the receptive period, the time of laying up stores for future

use. It has been said that "for every year of study in early life a man gains ten years in influence!" The teacher's life is placid and unheroic. The five years at Amenia as teacher and principal were years of comparative burial; but they did far more for the future preacher, editor, and church officer, than for the youth who came under his instruction. He declined a Southern college presidency in 1848, on account of his abolition views, and gave colored pupils at Amenia the same rights as white, taking here, as every-where, the side of the off-cast and oppressed.

He began to preach at Amenia in 1846, the year of his graduation. Chancellor Haven says, "He soon began to preach Sunday afternoons, in the seminary chapel and in the churches round about." From his manuscript journals we learn what were his feelings as he stood on the verge of his future life-calling.

In 1848, at the time of his election to the principalship, he records in his diary, "I love to preach usually, probably better than others love to hear, yet I shrink from the title 'reverend.' Some of my old college mates may attribute my 'call' to the desire to secure some such berth as this, but nothing would be further from the truth. Nothing but the most solemn conscientiousness and unwavering conviction of duty could have led me to the pulpit."

In 1849 he writes: "How stands my soul? I sometimes fear to ask! I hope I am growing in grace. I hope I have as deep a love for God as ever. May I find still deeper holiness and happiness in Christ!"

I must engage in something more like my life-work than this. I must get away from this place, and then may God guide me!"

In March, 1851, a month before joining the New England Conference on trial, he writes: "Amid extraordinary sorrows and joys I have been advancing, I trust, in knowledge, holiness, practical wisdom, mental power, spiritual purity. My duties here have been beneficial. My studies have enlarged my knowledge; reflection, my ideas. Prayer and meditation have drawn me nearer to Christ. I go forth in the name of my Saviour. Heaven is all that is valuable. Christ is all that is supremely lovely. I feel that I am willing to be any thing or nothing, so that I may win Christ. My religious profession sometimes seems dark, but beyond I see light. O how I thank God for his goodness to me—for his preventing and pardoning grace! How great a sinner I am! How great a Saviour he is! May I be humble, faithful, holy, happy, now and forever! May I ever live in Christ, and may I hear at the close of my career the voice of Christ saying,

"‘‘Servant of God, well done.’’"

In this frame of deep soul-devotion to God and his work, which, judging from his habitually gay exterior, many good people would have given him little credit for, he went into the itinerant ranks, and fulfilled the arduous duties of a pastor for ten years in five different stations: Northampton, made famous by Jonathan Edwards a hundred years before; Wilbra-

ham, hallowed by the piety and thrilled by the silvery eloquence of Wilbur Fisk, half a century since; and Cambridge, where he breathed the scholastic air of Harvard and cultured Socinianism. In all these years of pastoral life he kept up his reading and classical studies.

In 1853 Gilbert Haven, Fales H. Newhall, and George M. Steele, young ministers occupying contiguous charges in the New England Conference, formed a club, (to which Daniel Steele was afterward added,) for mutual improvement. They met regularly at their respective parsonages, in rotation, for reading, study, and criticism. Dr. Newhall says: "We began with the Hebrew Bible and Plato, whose works we read in the original almost entire. Our sessions always lasted over one night, and that was a great night. It is needless to say that Haven furnished most of the nectar at these feasts." Dr. George Steele says: "The association had a most powerful effect upon all our after lives."

While at Cambridge he lost the estimable companion he had married in Amenia, at the sober age of thirty, nine years before. To her he clung in sad and sentimental devotion as long as he lived. He never mentioned her name except to his most intimate friends, and then only to one at a time, impelled to silence by that genuine affection which instinctively shrinks from exposing the object of its love to the cold gaze of the indifferent. He made no public parade of his conjugal relations, but the heart-rending records of his private diary, made on each recurring

anniversary of her death, are the surviving proof of the power and permanency of his love.

Broken up by the death of his wife, he retired, with his infant son and daughter, to his mother's, at Malden; spent part of the year 1861 as chaplain in the war; part of 1862 in Europe and the East; the years 1863-65 in a pastorate in Boston; 1866 on the superannuated list; 1867 elected editor of "Zion's Herald," Boston; 1872 inducted into the episcopal office, at Brooklyn. As editor, author, and bishop, Gilbert Haven has been conspicuously before the public for the last fifteen years.

His bold utterances have fallen like bomb-shells upon a startled public, and have excited wide comment in the newspapers. His conviction of the necessity of a strong government to suppress disorders at the South was at the basis of his celebrated advice to the Boston Preachers' Meeting: "Brethren, pray for the renomination of General Grant." It was at the basis also of a little episode in his sick-room not two weeks before he died. To a night-watcher he complained: "The doctors wont let them tell me any thing that is going on in the world! Friend, do you know any thing about politics?" The man said "Yes;" he had been a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. "Then tell me who is chairman of the Republican National Executive Committee." "Don Cameron." "Hallelujah!" was the response; a whole volume of prophecy finding vent in a burst of patriotic joy!

Many of us know by the hearing of the ear what

Bishop Haven was as a preacher. He had a singular elocution, and a muffled voice, and was not an orator; but his sermons were models of eloquence, thought, and rhetorical beauty. His cousin says of him: "His earlier productions were even more rhetorical than his later. He was a genuine Christian minister, especially open to tender sympathy for penitents as well as for sufferers of any kind.

He labored earnestly in revivals, and, though particularly quiet and undemonstrative, was decidedly successful in leading sinners to Christ. His conversation was so cheerful and unconventional that those who did not know him might think him almost destitute of profound religious feeling. Such had but to see him in a revival, or in a sick-room, or to have some earnest direct conversation with him, to be thoroughly undeceived. He was not so much a logician as an intuitionist. He struck some central ideas, and held them tenaciously. In his thirteen years of regular ministration in the Church he preached to thousands who from week to week assimilated his pulpit teachings into their hearts and lives. The good wrought in those quiet pastoral charges, from the poor mission in Northampton, which could not afford a sexton, and where the ex-seminary principal sometimes had to do the duties of that useful official and sweep out the church, all the way to the wealthy and elegant Grace Church, Boston, will never be known till the judgment of the great day.

Hon. J. P. Magee says: "When I was living at Roxbury, now a part of Boston, Haven became my

pastor for a year. We did not then see much in him to exalt him above others. As a preacher, he was not popular; his style was heavy and dry; but the intellectual appreciated him, as he was always fresh and original in his presentation of the most familiar truths. He was a very faithful pastor, giving great attention to this part of his work, and he was always a growing man."

Gilbert Haven, as editor of the "Zion's Herald," is an important element in the history of the Church and of the commonwealth. "Fifteen thousand subscribers, implying seventy-five thousand readers," had their faith and courage strengthened, their zeal quickened, their opinions shaped, and their lives energized by its healthful and brave, though radical, utterances. The freedom of the slaves had been achieved and the Union preserved, but the relations of the Church and country to the South and the freedmen had yet to be outlined, and to this work the "Herald" bent its energies wisely and fearlessly.

His fame and usefulness as a journalist were scarcely less than his repute as editor. The title to one of his latest contributions to the press, "Feathers from a Flying Wing," is significantly indicative of the way in which his racy letters were indited. In sketching he followed implicitly Ruskin's direction, "Draw nothing but what you see," and set up his easel in the presence of the objects to be delineated.

His first book, "The Pilgrim's Wallet; or, Scraps of Travel in Europe," 1865, abounds in thoughtful essay, lively description, judicious criticism, and san-

guine prediction. His latest work, "Our Next-Door Neighbor; or, A Winter in Mexico," 1875, bears the same general character. It is elegantly gotten up by the Harpers, and has circulated two thousand copies within the last three years. Bayard Taylor's books of travel are not more instructive or attractive than these volumes.

In the "Life of Father Taylor," the sailor preacher, all edited and mostly written by him, he found a subject perfectly congenial to his pen; and this racy biography, which has already sold thirteen thousand copies, and is now out of print, will be a classic in Methodism. B. B. Russell, Boston, will soon issue a new edition.

Haven's most remarkable book, and decidedly the most characteristic, is his "Volume of National Sermons," 1869. The titles of these telling discourses form an outline history of the great antislavery struggle. The first was delivered at Amenia, N. Y., 1850, on the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, the first overt act of the general government, after a word-war of thirty years, in direct support of slavery, an act which virtually removed Mason and Dixon's line to the St. Lawrence River, and constituted every citizen in the North a special policeman to stand guard over runaway negroes. The second discourse, preached at Wilbraham, in 1854, on the occasion of the passage of the Nebraska bill, the virtual repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and the opening of all the North-west to the inrush of slavery, is felicitously entitled, "The Death of Freedom." It is a history

of the encroachments of slavery, till the life of liberty is crushed out. The third sermon was delivered in Westfield, Mass., in 1856, on the occasion of the brutal and deadly assault of Brooks, of South Carolina, on Charles Sumner, and is entitled, "The State Struck Down." It is full of burning eloquence.

The election of James Buchanan as President of the United States, in 1856, is entitled, "The National Midnight!" The capture of John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, 1859, is headed, "The Beginning of the End." The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency calls forth a "Te Deum." The president's emancipation proclamation is called, the "Day Dawns." The capture of Atlanta is, "The End Near." The most striking caption in the volume is that which greets the fall of Charleston, March 5, 1865, "The Vial Poured Out on the Seat of the Beast."

Jeff. Davis and his hosts, overwhelmed by the surges of conflict, are compared to Pharaoh and his army perishing in the Red Sea, the parallel failing only in the important particular that the arch-traitor's borrowed petticoat floated him ashore, and he still lives to trouble Judah and vex Ephraim, while the noble Joshua, who led 4,000,000 of God's freedmen over Jordan, was slain by a stroke of the venomous tail of the scorpion, whose head had been already crushed, and which, though every ring of its writhing body has been mashed to a jelly, has managed within the last fifteen years to strike a hundred Chisholms, Todds, and Bewleys with its deadly sting!

For its bold and sure reading of coming events this

volume of "National Sermons" is worthy to be called "The Book of the Prophecies of Gilbert Haven." The very vignette with which it closes, and which Dr. Daniel Steele proposed as an emblem to go on the bishop's tombstone—a black hand interlocked in friendly grasp with a white one—is yet prophecy—prophecy in process of fulfillment, to be completely fulfilled when "Caste" (the title of the noblest sermon in the volume) shall be done away.

The great mass of the pen productions of this prolific genius are, and always will be, unvolumed. In 1849, while he was principal at Amenia, he gave proof of his singular versatility by composing and delivering a poem of six hundred and sixty lines, heroic measure, on the occasion of the bicentennial anniversary of Malden, the place of his nativity.

Of his fugitive pieces we may mention his bold letter to the London "Watchman," in 1862, only one third of which the Wesleyan editor dared to print; his eulogy of Bishop Ames; his funeral oration over the murdered Chisholms, and articles in the "Quarterly Review."

The monograph on his *beau ideal* of a statesman, Charles Sumner, is one of his finest productions. He and some of his friends regarded the Chisholm speech as the greatest of his life. It is fine, but it borrowed its chief force from delivery and its peculiar surroundings. In my judgment it is not to be compared with his masterly analysis of the character and career of the author of the Civil Rights Bill, the great enunciator and enforcer of the principles that

destroyed slavery—"Liberty under the Constitution," and "Equality before the law." Garrison and Phillips advocated human liberty and equality *outside* of constitutions; Sumner, liberty and equality *under* the Constitution. Haven, superior to all, preached liberty and equality under the written law of God. His *dictum* was, "In Christ, not in the Constitution, must we put our trust."

Gilbert Haven's style of writing, like his style of speaking and doing things generally, is open to abundance of objection and small criticism. It is marked, like every thing about the man, by an earnest anxiety, a Carlylish endeavor to get at the heart of things, and a reckless disregard of conventional forms and modes. His pen was a power in the land. To use the language of his intimate friend, President Steele, "While his rhetoric lay around loose, and he wrote in defiance of canonical standards, and even of grammar, he was full of ideas, most of them valuable, and all struggling to get out." "I think," says Dr. Steele, "that the influence exerted by his pen was simply immense."

To the timid, cautious, and cool, his utterances, with tongue and pen, seemed, beyond measure, extravagant and reckless. His words were in striking contrast with his wise and prudent action. Dr. Sherman says of him: "In all practical matters he was guided by a sound and measured sense of the propriety of things. After large talk about aerial navigation, he could never be induced to cross the continent in a balloon."

The seer is never understood by his own genera-

tion. What Jew comprehended Isaiah, Christ, or John of Patmos.

Dr. Hatfield says, "Abolitionist as I was, I could not understand the John Brown raid." Haven did; called it, in 1859, "The beginning of the end," and, in 1860, ran out a parallel between Harper's Ferry and Bunker Hill, comparing John Brown to General Joseph Warren, and confidently predicting that a monument would one day be erected at Harper's Ferry, by the posterity of Governor Wise, to the memory of the hero whose glorified spirit marched at the head of the Union columns, and who, as the genius of freedom, will ever "go marching on." Gilbert Haven was an inspired seer. In the darkest day of the conflict, after the Bull Run defeat, he said, with cheerful confidence, "We shall succeed, and we shall emancipate the slaves."

Though a prophet, and consequently a poet, he was no impracticable dreamer. He labored to put his abstract notions into concrete forms. He made things come to pass. What a contrast, in this particular, between the celebrated talkers, Emerson the dreamy, and Phillips the iconoclastic, and this *working* as well as talking son of Massachusetts, Gilbert Haven! The way he brought things about may be illustrated by the manner in which he laid the foundation of a mission in Mexico, and, especially, the establishment of the Boston University, by inducing Isaac Rich to will his property to that enterprise.

After Mr. Rich died, the rumor reached Haven that the will had been canceled and the property diverted

into another channel. "The report," says Rev. V. A. Cooper, "greatly disturbed his mind," but in a few hours his resolution was taken. "I have reached a conclusion," he said. "My mind is made up. If that money *is* diverted, I will not accept the episcopacy if it is offered to me. I will not look at it. I will resign my position on the 'Herald' within a fortnight. I will collect the money, and found a Methodist University in Boston."

Unlike some eminent Church officials, who spent their lives in urging others to give, and gave next to nothing themselves, Haven's benevolence was bounded only by his means. "When his salary was not sufficient to pay the board bills of himself and wife, he gave one tenth of it into the treasury of the Lord." I asked his son if he knew how much his father gave away annually. "I only know," said Will, "that he paid the bills of myself and sister, and gave away all the rest," leaving behind a life-insurance policy in his favor for \$9,000, and, over against that, his personal obligation to raise \$10,000, one third the whole expense of building a college for colored students at Atlanta! to which was appended a subscription of \$1,000, out of his own purse.

It is needless to say here, what has been said by all his eulogists, that Gilbert Haven lived and died a reformer of the most radical type—a radical abolitionist, a radical prohibitionist, a radical of the radicals on all political questions in which the moral element entered; a man whose doctrine was, Away with sin, in all its forms, at once and forever.

He plead for the rights of woman, for the rights of the black man—the first fifteen years of his public life for the black as a slave, the last fifteen for the negro as a freedman. He was perfectly fearless, and, after hurling all manner of damaging epithets at slavery and slaveholders for thirty years, rivaling Garrison, Phillips, and Parker in burning denunciation of the great villainy, went, in 1872, to reside at Atlanta, the very center and hot-bed of rebellion and secession. That he lived there eight years, and traversed the South in all directions, amid scowling foes, was a wonder to himself and the world.

Ostracized by the whites, he ate and slept and traveled with the despised class to whom it had been proposed to send him as a missionary at the close of the war, in 1865. By that class he is worshiped to-day. Two names will be honored by the blacks forever, Abraham Lincoln and Gilbert Haven. Lincoln's will be remembered in America; Haven's may yet become a name of household reverence among the descendants of the cannibals of the Congo! Dying, he said, "I do not believe the Master will find fault with me for my work in the South."

The amount of work he did was simply incalculable. There are those who think the Methodist episcopate a sinecure. I do not share that opinion. So long as the Church requires men to go from Atlantic to Pacific, and to cross the oceans to Germany and Africa, India and China, to the tune of seventeen thousand miles a year, the amount of travel alone is enough to kill a man, while the appeals of the distressed, the fretting of the

discontented, the frowns of the disappointed, the clamors of the selfish, and the conflicts of the ambitious, are enough to drive any dozen sane men mad.

In the early days of Methodism, when there were not more than thirty or forty preachers in a Conference, Asbury had his horse ready saddled at the door of the conference room, and, as soon as the appointments were read, mounted and rode off, no man knew whither, till the first excitement had had time to cool off and blow over.

Gilbert Haven was flung into the episcopal circle when the senior superintendent had started back in alarm from the suggestion to make him a presiding elder, not by the votes of his own delegation, nor by the votes of the conservative clergy, but by the young men of New England and the progressives among the laity. It is no secret that doubt, with regard to the wisdom of that action, was wide-spread. An Illinois Doctor of Divinity, quoted by Rev. A. B. Leonard, called him, as late as 1875, an "imprudent sectionalist, whose elevation does not give him caution, whose associations do not magnetize him into modesty, whose influence is like caustic alkali on plants, sure to kill if applied in large doses." This writer will doubtless unite in the Southern "Te Deum," that a good God has seen fit to remove out of the world that brace of bugbears to Southern consciences, "Gil. Haven" and "Zach. Chandler."

The deceased was human, and had his defects and limitations. His cousin, the Chancellor of Syracuse University, says, in a late letter: "He was a power,

but he needed others to prepare the detail and to restrain and regulate. There were minds that he could not reach; there are many kinds of work for which he was not fitted. In the itinerant general superintendency some of his highest qualifications found perfect scope. His enthusiasm and push, when others were to follow, were wonderfully effective." All this, though said by a relative, is remarkably just and discriminating.

Who of the dozen superintendents of 1872 presided over a General or Annual Conference with greater dignity, efficiency, and business dispatch than Gilbert Haven! He had a wonderful memory for facts, for poetry, for names. Cæsar dictated letters to half a dozen secretaries at the same time. Haven would call over conference committees and rolls of names, miss none of its minute business, and write letters filled with beautiful thoughts and poetic quotations to private correspondents and popular newspapers. It is a singular fact that the spicy, pungent wit and sprightly sallies for which his conversation and his brief editorial paragraphs were so remarkable, seldom appear in his books, and never interfered with his dignity as a preacher or presiding officer. Bishop Ames' witticisms were sometimes cruel. Haven's jokes rarely left a sting. He seldom threw, even at an enemy, a Whedon-arrow, barbed with sarcasm. His rollicking humor and playful thrusts and repartees were harmlessness itself compared with the merciless hits of Ames, who hit for the very love of hitting, or the cutting sarcasm of the editor of the "Quarterly," or

the coarse jests of Cartwright, whom I once saw cover with ridicule the religious scruples of the holy Hamline, and who often upset the gravity of the sober-sided Janes with his low but irresistible fun. "Nobody," says Dr. Rice, "ever saw Haven worsted in debate. If the argument went against him he took refuge in a witticism, or turned his adversary's positions into ridicule, always escaping with a whole skin, appearing to spectators to carry off the honors of the contest."

During the General Conference elections in 1872, I met him in the corridors of the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, one day, and said to him, "Haven, I will vote for you for bishop if you will get down off your hobbies and quit your nonsense." His quick retort was, "Nice advice from you! most inveterate caricaturist!" Haven's "hobbies" were the substratum of his being. He might as well have abdicated existence as to try to cease uttering those abstract truths that the logic of events is rapidly formulating into concrete facts. "The hobbies of to-day are the swift horses of to-morrow." His wit also was part of his being, the surface sportings of a deep sea of soul.

Wit is a weapon of offense and defense. Cannon-balls are not more dreaded than ridiculous epithets. Bonaparte said, "The world is governed by nicknames." Witty words are a powerful factor in human government. I found, even among heathen, that fear of ridicule was as powerful as fear of law to restrain vice. Caricature is as effective as argument. The politics of the readers of "Harper's Weekly"

take shape from Thomas Nast's pencil as often as from George William Curtis' pen. Gilbert Haven was a humorist, but no caricaturist, and infinitely too good-natured to indulge much in sarcasm. Dr. Rice, of Springfield, a life-long, intimate friend, says of him: "I have seen him in all kinds of debate, with all sorts of antagonists, but I never knew him lose his temper. He would talk or write about any thing, and was always ready for an argument, and no mean antagonist on any subject, but always good humored." Dr. Hatfield, of Chicago, says: "However spirited the debate, no harsh or unkind word ever passed his lips;" he "never lost his temper or indulged in anger."

His rippling, rollicking mirthfulness and ever-ready repartee made many steady-going folks, who did not understand him, suspicious of his Christian profession. One of these one day said to him, while editor of the "Herald," "Brother Haven, do you love God with all your heart!" "Certainly I do," was the answer. "I don't believe many people think so," was the response. "Ah, there's the trouble, brother!" said the witty editor, "when such fellows as you and I *say* we love God with all the heart, there are lots of good people who take no stock in our professions!"

To a celebrated scientist he said: "Well, professor, you and I are about even; I know as little about science as you do about religion."

The bishops at one of their meetings were discussing the subject of benedictions, very properly con-

demning the custom of extemporizing them, and commending the use of the forms composed by the apostles. The chairman at the adjournment called on Haven to close. Without thought he repeated some old benedictional form of his own. Challenged for it, he wittily replied, "O, *we* are *apostles*, you know!"

Father Taylor, seamen's chaplain, once said to him, in a sparring of wits, "I have a mind to eat you." "Eat away," said Haven, "and you will have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."

At one Conference, when he was giving a charge to a class of young ministers, preparatory to ordination, a member of the body interrupted him with the request, "Bishop, will you please to give us an exact definition of Christian perfection?" His ready reply was, "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things!"

His wit and humor, living springs, pungent and sparkling, lay near the surface, like Saratoga waters. His animal spirits and his good nature, like the Iron Spring at Round Lake, flowed with a full head in a clear and constant stream. No Dead Sea was possible in the same neighborhood.

He was a tireless student and an unresting worker. He was gifted by nature with what Horace calls *Mens sana in corpore sano*, "A sound mind in a sound body;" a strong, compact, square-built physical frame, that grew stouter as he advanced in years, the apparent embodiment of unlimited work and endur-

ance. With a strong body, full of healthy juices, strong heart pulsations, and a great brain, he was physically one of nature's noblemen. His sanguine temperament knew no difficulties. His mental powers were all naturally strong ; his perceptions were quick ; intuition took the place of reflection ; his imagination was lively without being towering ; he remembered every thing, not by compulsory recollection, but through sheer "inability to forget." His religion had for its substratum a granite New England conscience. His vital powers pressed upon his physical and mental enginery with the elastic force of steam at three hundred degrees Fahrenheit. With the urgency of a hundred pounds to the square inch valves must open, pistons must play, the hundred horse-power must expend itself somewhere or the generator itself will be in danger of explosion. This was the secret of his irrepressibleness ; his intensity, in thought and word and action. He thought because he must think ; he worked because he must work ; he wrote because he must write ; he spoke because he must speak.

His courage was leonine. This was the Agamemnon quality that constituted him "king of men." We instinctively follow the man who says what we want to say, but dare not say it ; who does what we want to do, but cannot or dare not do it. Foes respect courage, and this is one of the reasons why one who denounced national villainies in no measured terms, and whose utterances went "crashing through men's prejudices and sins like red-hot cannon-balls,"

traversed the South in every direction for eight years without injury.

His intense consciousness of manhood was at the base of his supreme contempt for the shams that men are so fond of substituting in the place of genuine manhood. This was the reason why he wanted to be simply Gilbert Haven, or, in the undress of familiar chum-ship, "Gil Haven," in place of the stately "reverend," "bishop," or "D.D.," those pedestals or artificial elevations needed by men of small stature to prevent their being lost in the crowd, but useless to him who by means of natural bulk towers head and shoulders above his fellows. As a silent rebuke to the insane rage for conferring honorary titles that makes American colleges the laughing-stock of Europe, Haven would never receive or wear a doctorate. His theory was that when a man arrived at the eminence that would entitle him to a college degree, he was already too famous to need it. He made no such foolish fetish of this empty college distinction as did the venerable Cartwright, who used to sign his conference missionary certificates with his own hand, "Peter Cartwright, D.D." Haven infinitely preferred democratic freedom and undress to the dignity conferred by titles, particularly that which is associated in the vulgar mind with haughty glances, condescending speech, solemn visage, and measured strides.

Bishop Haven's eulogists refer admiringly to his splendid conversational powers. He was a talker, but not, in the strict sense of the word, a conversational-

ist. Like Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, and John G. Saxe, he talked and compelled others to listen.

Dean Swift says:

“Conversation is but carving;  
Give no more to every guest  
Than he’s able to digest;  
Give him always of the prime,  
And but a little at a time;  
Carve to all but just enough,  
Let them neither starve nor stuff;  
And, that you may have your due,  
Let your neighbors carve for you.”

Haven’s talk, like the unbroken monologue of Johnson or Coleridge, was a ceaseless flow. His interlocutors found it a pleasure and a profit to suggest topics, and to start inquiries for him to expand and illustrate from his exhaustless stores, large, naturally and educationally, and constantly replenished by observation, reading, and reflection. Dr. Studley has called attention to the Macaulayish way in which he devoured new books. It was a saying of his that “any preacher with his Greek Testament and the newspapers ought to be able to rivet the thought of any congregation.” What he had acquired he was ready to impart. When no listener was by he seized his pen and talked by word signs to the great public, who bent with eager attention over the columns of the periodical that were superscribed “G. Haven.” When there were ears to hear he talked, and in much the same strain, whether his auditors were six or six hundred.

Dr. Edwards, of the “North-Western,” says: “Bishop Haven was never self-conscious, but he was a de-

lightful egotist, who shone most perfectly in familiar talk with from one to six persons." Then "he was at his best, and poured forth a perennial stream of argument, allusion, quotation, repartee, passion, pathos, or fun." "An omnivorous reader," he planted his honey-gathering proboscis in every flower, from the rose to the thistle, and hived every valuable thought or suggestion for a future occasion. "If you were to hear him without seeing him in an adjoining room reading aloud any one of his paragraphs in printed book, sermon, address, or newspaper, you would conclude from his tone, manner, and rhetorical precision that he was but talking to those friends."

Lecture, sermon, or address was only one of his talks with fuller voice and a louder key. Of course he was no preacher for the masses. The gaping multitude of those with whom a preacher is, like the nightingale of Heliogabalus, *Vox, et præterea nihil*, "Voice, and nothing more," said to him, as one of that class once said to me, "Your talk is well enough, but why in creation don't you PREACH?"

Regret is expressed that Bishop Haven did not publish more in book form. His books would have fared like his talk after a generation had passed away. The passion of the age is for living gossip. Yesterday's Daily, once skimmed over, is as dead as a last year's almanac. The universal outburst of regret and grief at the untimely death of Bishop Haven is something remarkable. The death of no public man in the Methodist Episcopal Church ever before excited such a wave of sympathy and sorrow.

One reason for this is that that magnetic pen of his had drawn to his personal acquaintance the readers of every Church paper from Boston to San Francisco. Another reason was that Bishop Haven was a hero, panoplied for fight, the most conspicuous combatant, the foremost leader in the conflict of the hour. From the day that he took up his residence in Atlanta the Church has been nervously expecting to hear of his assassination, and nothing was wanted but this to have secured his apotheosis, and to have sent his name down to posterity along with those of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. His peculiarly Havenish remark about his constant danger from the blood-thirsty gangs that stab and shoot each other like pirates and brigands was, "I never hear a rifle or pistol shot in the South without being surprised that I heard it."

Peace has no history. War only is heroic. The man of peace is buried in quiet. The warrior only is buried with drums and processions and eulogy. Gilbert Haven preached the gospel of peace, but he stood before the Church and the nation as the armed champion of the rights of millions of freedmen, their right to franchise, their right to go where they please and to do as they please. In the South he championed the oppressed race every-where, while oppressors ground their teeth at his course. He rode out with them, sat in the black car till forcibly ejected by the conductor, ate at their tables, slept in their houses, and would go to no festive board which they were not allowed to approach, would go into no company

from which they, on account of their color, were excluded. The public has been watching this fight with caste for the last eight years with a curious, deepening into a tragic, interest.

It has been spoken of as a grim joke that this fiery, red-hot, outspoken Massachusetts abolitionist should have been sent into the South to reside in 1872. It was of God, and in no part of the work has the deceased superintendent been more deeply and sincerely mourned than by the two hundred thousand colored Methodists who were accustomed fondly to call him "our bishop."

For the past three years the Church has been tragically interested in another conflict—that between this brave heroic soul and the half dozen diseases (plague-bearing Apollos) that shot their darts into every part of his system in the effort to bring him to the ground. In 1876-77 he was sent to Africa. There was no special significance or appropriateness in the appointment any more than in the appointment of Bishop Harris, who had been assigned to the work the year before and did not go.

"I have no more interest in the African in Africa than the rest of you," he said to Dr. Kynett. "It is the oppressed African in America that I am specially concerned about." "Still, God has laid Africa upon my heart, and now, if he wishes to complete the sacrifice by laying my bones in African soil, his will be done." Within a fortnight after his arrival torrid Africa sent into his vitals the icy shaft that slowly but surely drank up his life-forces.

It is a question that never can be answered, whether, if Bishop Haven had consented to be sick when he *was* sick, and had given himself the time and attention needed by a shocked system for its recuperation, he might not have lived to the allotted age of man. With a physical constitution which, like that of his mother, seemed fitted to last into the nineties, he succumbed to destroyers within the fifties. Instead of coming slowly to a stand-still in good old age, like Wesley and Asbury, or lingering sixteen years in superannuation, like M'Kendree, he battles disease as he writes, and talks, and runs, from Atlantic to Pacific and back; attending to all sorts of official duties, and putting in gratuitous extra services enough for half a dozen well men, till exhausted nature gives way and refuses further strain.

Bishop Hedding wound up his eulogy of M'Kendree by animadverting upon two faults—"yielding to low spirits" and "magnifying difficulties." So Haven animadverted upon Bishop Ames' "anti-ministerial" fondness for wealth and an unministerial "hardness of heart" toward benevolent appeals. We also must shade our eulogium with the serious question, whether our friend Haven is not chargeable with a species of suicide in thus working himself to death.

It was often urged upon the deceased that he was subjecting a constitution of iron to unnatural strain by incessant work, by habits of converting night into day, by indulging in careless, or rather uncaring, habits in reference to hygiene and dietetics. His practice, if not his theory, was, "It is better to wear out

than to rust out." He drove his chariot so fast as to set the axles on fire, or, to modernize the figure, his unslackened lightning speed created a hot-box that burned up the train. It is not an example to be followed. One of the first duties of an engineer is to take care of his engine. It is only great emergencies that require reckless sacrifice of life.

At the session of the Troy Conference held in Lansingburgh, two years ago, Bishop Haven was too sick to preside. Any other man would have been abed, and under the physician's care, instead of attending to conference business. Some of us were alarmed about him, and, without his knowledge, telegraphed Bishop Harris to come to his relief. I never saw him so nearly out of humor as he was at that movement. "Two bishops are not needed to run a conference," he said. "I have a mind to take the cars and leave." Only at one session, that of Saturday morning, did Bishop Harris preside, and during that session, his hostess, the wife of Rev. Stephen Parks, and myself took the weary and sick bishop in a carriage for a drive of two hours, taking the beautiful Oakwood Cemetery in our course. Nobody would have thought this brilliant talker was even then suffering the purgatory of African chills. During every day, business was faithfully attended to, and more than once special cronies "made," in an innocent way, "a night of it" in his chamber, according to his wont and love. The Parks family speak with wonder of his cheerfulness, and even playfulness, in the midst of terrible agony and suffering.

Rev. T. A. Griffin was his favorite nurse in those nights of terrible agony, and says: "He was running over with *facetiae* and the topics of the day at the same time that he was in such suffering as to keep me ceaselessly at work while the paroxysm lasted. I was never so impressed with his marvelous endurance as during those fearful hours." His spine, he said, "was as if a bolt of ice ran down it," and every hot specific—boiling water, mustard, red pepper, friction, and mountains of bedding—had to be brought into requisition to rout the frigid foe and restore life and circulation.

And so for three full years he fought disease, all the while attending to duty, and boiling over with cheerfulness and rollicking fun. During these fearful paroxysms he went down to the gates of death, and during the last weeks of his life they were of daily occurrence. It required the constant attention of strong and loving hands to keep the wheels of life in motion. Manfully did he battle with this cordon of foes: African fever, scrofula, dropsy, Bright's disease, heart disease, and cancer of the bone.

On Tuesday, the 18th of last November, he arrived in Boston from his Pacific coast trip, and called, in the early morning, on his friend Dr. Upham, "infinitely tired," but determined, nevertheless, to push on to Salem that very day to attend the funeral of an old friend. In the parlor hung a picture of the bishops. He placed his finger at the top of it and said, "Bishop Janes is gone," then ran it down to the middle of the circle and said, "Bishop Ames is gone," then to

the bottom and said, "The death stroke is descending—whose turn will it be next? Bishop Peck's or mine?"

In his prayer at the Salem funeral he said, tenderly, "The feet of them that will carry us out are at the door." On their return he had to wait at the Lynn station for a Malden train. Several of his clerical brethren remained with him in the waiting-room of the depot. Rev. O. A. Brown says, "I never saw the bishop in such elastic spirits, and so brilliant in conversation, as he was on that stormy day and that gloomy occasion, dying as he was of fatigue and disease." The next night he lectured in the "People's Church," Boston. On the following Sunday, November 23, he had that fearful attack in the church at Malden which has become historical, and the scene shuts down to the public for six anxious weeks, till that last wonderful day. On that fatal third of January the door of the sick room is opened, the curtain is drawn aside for a few hours to permit us to contemplate Gilbert Haven as the Dying Christian.

The ancients said, "Call no man happy till he is dead." The first question that rises to the lips when we hear of the death of a fellow mortal is, "How did he die?" "Did he die well?" The soldier would die courageously; the philosopher, calmly; the Christian, triumphantly. The boast of Wesleyan Christianity for a hundred and fifty years has been, "Our people die well." Gilbert Haven died well. When it was announced that this would probably be his last day on earth, his instant plea was, "Let me see my friends."

They were "summoned by lightning and came by steam"—a sad and tearful procession, approaching his bedside by turns, to be lovingly recognized, welcomed, embraced, cheered with words and looks of triumph in death, and then to file slowly out, after exchanging the final farewell. "It was more like a reception than a death-bed." The last "good-bye" uttered, the last friend gone, the door closes; the tired patient, relapsing from the brief excitement, exhausted, sleeps. In two hours it is telegraphed over the land, from ocean to ocean, "Bishop Haven is dead!" And the murmur came back to Malden, on a million spirit telephones, "How did he die?" Died as he lived, saying striking things to the last. "It is all right!" "The Master I have served so long will not desert me now!" "Preach a whole Gospel!" "I believe the Gospel, all through." "You were wont to be ahead of me, my beloved Newhall, but I have got the start of you now." "There's light ahead." "There is not a cloud in my sky; it is all blessed." "We have been living in great times, but greater times are coming." "Stand by the colored man when I am gone." "There is no death!" "There is no river!" "I am surrounded by angels!" "I am floating away—away!" "Glory!" "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

The annals of Christian necrology do not furnish a brighter death-scene! The departure of the aged Wesley was not quieter, the end of Paul was not more triumphant, the ascent of Elijah not a more striking translation. Do you wonder that good men

hastened from far and near to the obsequies of this brave philanthropist and stalwart Christian; that the beautiful church in the village of his nativity, built by his exertions, and dedicated with his eloquence, was strewn with flowers, and crowded to its utmost capacity; that business was suspended, and the village bells tolled; that the weeping Irish servant girl of the family said, "If the Pope had died he could not have been more universally honored!" that after words of prayer and eulogy had been said and sung, an imposing procession filed through the streets of the town, so familiar and dear to the bright auburn-headed boy fifty years before, to the village burial ground, lying along the railroad track, where the trains thunder hourly by, and where the curious passenger, for years to come, will look eagerly from the car window for the shaft that shall rise in that spot to mark the resting-place of Gilbert Haven!

It was one of the divine compensations for a life of toil, pain, and sacrifice, that this devoted servant of the Right should escape a thousand dangers from man and hostile elements, and be permitted to return to the home of his youth to die. When, an ex-seminary principal, he was serving a feeble mission church of sixty members in aristocratic Northampton, he said to Rev. H. W. Warren: "As I go through these beautiful streets and see these elegant homes, it takes a clear view of the eternal mansions to keep me from being discontented with my lot as an itinerant. But I have a better home than any of these up there." To that home he has ascended! The prayer of 1851

was answered in 1880. "The voice of Christ was heard saying, 'Servant of God, well done.'"

Among his last words was a last prophecy! With death-glazed eye this life-long seer saw visions of coming moral triumph. "We have been 'living in great times,'" he said, "but greater are coming!" Great times indeed between 1800 and 1880! O for prophets! O for a glorious winding up of this grand century! Grand, indeed, between 1850 and 1880! Who are the rising seers that shall make equally glorious the era from 1880 to 1900! Characteristic also was his last poetical quotation, "There is no death!" (a feeble echo of the words of Christ, "Shall never die," "Shall never see death,") from the pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Dread of death! the life-long nightmare of myriads! Haven found the grisly terror to be only a phantom of the imagination! a dream of the poets! inherited from heathen antiquity; from Romanism, which makes merchandise of human fears; from Calvinism, which envelops life and the future with religious dread; from social usages which invest death-bed scenes and funerals with all imaginable signs and accessories of shrouds and coffins and woe! Another dying utterance equally characteristic, "There is no river!" How assiduously was it instilled into his mind from youth upward by death-bed terror-mongers that there is a fearful river between this world and the next! a river "chilly," "dark," "cold," and "deep!" with "dark and threatening tide," full of "rolling," "foaming," "dashing," "black," "cold," and "icy billows," with the old

boatman Charon doing duty for the souls of Christ's believers! All this poetic trumpery vanished in the hour of triumphant dissolution! He did not find a trace of the river in which Baptist Calvinistic Bunyan nearly smothered the hero of his wonderful novel! which the dying Payson found "reduced to a rill that one might step across!" which our dear, dying Dashiell found "bridged by the atonement!" In place of this Jordan of the poets, and not of the Bible, Haven finds a celestial convoy! He is "surrounded by angels," he is "floating away! away!" like the vanishing Elijah! like the vanishing Christ!

Follow the mounting spirit in its fiery flight! In the swing of a pendulum he stands in the presence of the multitude John saw, "which no man could number, of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue!" a motley crowd! blacks and whites, and reds and yellows! Yet soul communing with soul in loving embrace! Characteristic, the first exclamation in heaven as the last on earth, "Victory! here is no caste!" Black hand clasps the white lovingly at last! Hosts of glorified freedmen, saints, and martyrs from the bloody South-land shout "Welcome home! *our* bishop!" The black brigade constitutes itself an especial escort and guard of honor into the city of Freedom, Equality, and Fraternity; while the sympathizing heavens, as "mighty thunderings," as "the voice of many waters," greet the triumphal procession with the dying shout of Gilbert Haven, "Victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!"

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